THE
Fairy-Queen:
AN
OPERA.
Represented at the
Queen's-Theatre
By Their
MAJESTIES SERVANTS.

LONDON,

Printed for *Jacob Tonson*, at the *Judges-Head*, in *Chancery-Lane*. 1692.

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THE PREFACE.

'TIS known to all who have been any considerable time in Italy, or France, how Opera's are esteem'd among 'em. That France borrow'd what she has from Italy, is evident from the Andromede and Toison D'or, of Monsieur Corneille, which are the first in the kind they ever had, on their publick Theaters; they being not perfect Opera's, but Tragedies, with Singing, Dancing, and Machines interwoven with 'em, after the manner of an Opera. They gave 'em a taste first, to try their Palats, that they might the better Judge whether in time they would be able to digest an entire Opera. And Cardinal Richelieu (that great Encourager of Arts and Learning) introduc'd 'em first at his own Expence, as I have been informed amongst 'em.

What encouragement Seignior Baptist Luly had from the present King of France, is well known; they being first set out at his own Expence; and all the Ornaments given by the King, for the Entertainment of the People. In Italy, especially at Venice, where Opera's have the greatest Reputation, and where they have 'em every Carnival, the Noble Venetians set 'em out at their own cost. And what a Confluence of People the fame of 'em draw from all parts of Italy to the great profit of that City, is well known to every one who has spent a Carnival there. And many of the English Gentry are sensible what advantage Paris receives, by the great number of Strangers which frequent the Opera's three days in a Week, throughout the Year. If therefore an Opera were establish'd here, by the Favour of the Nobility and Gentry of England; I may modestly conclude it would be some advantage to London, considering what a Sum we must Yearly lay out among Tradesmen for the fitting out so great a work.

That Sir William Davenant's Siege of Rhodes was the first Opera we ever had in England, no Man can deny; and is indeed a perfect Opera: there being this difference only between an Opera and a Tragedy; that the one is a Story sung with proper Action, the other spoken. And he must be a very ignorant Player, who knows not there is a Musical Cadence in Speaking; and that a Man

may

may as well ſpeak out of Tune, as ſing out of Tune. And though few are ſo nice to examine this, yet all are pleas'd when they hear it juſtly perform'd. 'Tis true, the Siege of Rhodes *wanted the Ornament of Machines, which they value themſelves ſo much upon in* Italy. *And the Dancing which they have in ſuch perfection in* France. *That he deſign'd this, if his firſt attempt met with the Encouragement it deſerv'd, will appear from theſe Lines in his Prologue.*

But many Travellers here, as Judges, come
From *Paris*, *Florence*, *Venice*, and from *Rome*.
Who will deſcribe, when any Scene we draw,
By each of ours, all that they ever ſaw.
Thoſe praiſing for extenſive breadth and height,
And inward diſtance to deceive the ſight.——

And a little after——

Ah Mony, Mony! if the Wits would dreſs
With Ornaments the preſent face of Peace:
And to our Poet half that Treaſure ſpare,
Which Faction gets from Fools to nouriſh War.
Then his contracted Scenes ſhould wider be,
And move by greater Engines; till you ſee
(While you ſecurely ſit) fierce Armies meet,
And raging Seas diſperſe a fighting Fleet.

That a few private Perſons ſhould venture on ſo expenſive a Work as an Opera, *when none but Princes, or States exhibit 'em abroad, I hope is no Diſhonour to our Nation: And I dare affirm, if we had half the Encouragement in* England, *that they have in other Countries, you might in a ſhort time have as good Dancers in* England *as they have in* France, *though I deſpair of ever having as good Voices among us, as they have in* Italy. *Theſe are the two great things which Travellers ſay we are moſt deficient in. If this happens to pleaſe, we cannot reaſonably propoſe to our ſelves any great advantage, conſidering the mighty Charge in ſetting it out, and the extraordinary expence that attends it every day 'tis repreſented. If it deſerves their Favour? if they are ſatisfied we venture boldly, doing all we can to pleaſe 'em? We hope the* Engliſh *are too generous not to encourage ſo great an undertaking.*

THE PROLOGUE.

WHat have we left untry'd to please this Age,
To bring it more in liking with the Stage?
We sunk to Farce, and rose to Comedy;
Gave you high Rants, and well-writ Tragedy.
Yet Poetry, of the Success afraid,
Call'd in her Sister Musick to her aid.
And, lest the Gallery should Diversion want,
We had Cane-Chairs to Dance 'em a Courant.
But that this Play may in its Pomp appear;
Pray let our Stage from thronging Beaux *be clear.*
For what e're cost we're at, what e're we do,
In Scenes, Dress, Dances; yet there's many a Beau,
Will think himself a much more taking show.
How often have you curs'd these new Beau-skreens,
That stand betwixt the Audience and the Scenes?
I ask'd one of 'em t'other day——Pray, Sir,
Why d'ye the Stage before the Box prefer?
He answer'd—Oh! there I Ogle the whole Theatre,
My Wig——my Shape, my Leg, I there display,
They speak much finer things than I can say.
These are the Reasons why they croud the Stage;
And make the disappointed Audience rage.
Our Business is, to study how to please,
To Tune the Mind to its expected ease.
And all that we expect, is but to find,
Equal to our Expence, the Audience kind.

THE

THE PROLOGUE.

The Names of the Perſons.

THE Duke.
Egeus, Father to *Hermia*.
Lyſander, in Love with *Hermia*.
Demetrius, in Love with *Hermia*, and Betroth'd to *Helena*.
Hermia, in Love with *Lyſander*.
Helena, in Love with *Demetrius*.

The *Fairies*.

Oberon, King of the *Fairies*.
Titania, the Queen.
Robin-Good-Fellow.
Fairies.

The Comedians.

Bottom the Weaver, *Quince* the Carpenter, *Snug* the Joyner, *Flute* the Bellows-mender, *Snout* the Tinker, and *Starveling* the Taylor.

Singers and Dancers in the Second Act.

Fairy-Spirits, *Night*, *Miſtery*, *Secreſie*, *Sleep*, and their Attendants, Singers, and Dancers.

Singers in the Third Act.

Nymphs, *Coridon*, and *Mopſa*; with a Chorus of *Fawns*, and *Naids*, with *Woodmen*, and *Hay-makers* Dancers.

Singers and Dancers in the Fourth Act.

Spring, *Summer*, *Autumn*, *Winter*, and their Attendants. *Phœbus*: A Dance of the four Seaſons.

Singers and Dancers in the Fifth Act.

Juno, *Chineſe* Men and Women.
A Chorus of *Chineſes*.
A Dance of 6 Monkeys.
An Entry of a *Chineſe* Man and Woman.
A Grand Dance of 24 *Chineſes*.

The Names of the Persons.

THE Duke.
Egeus, Father of *Hermia*.
Lysander, in Love with *Hermia*.
Demetrius, in Love with *Hermia*, and Betrothed to *Hermia*.
Hermia, in Love with *Lysander*.
Helena, in Love with *Demetrius*.

The Fairies.

Oberon, King of the *Fairies*.
Titania, the Queen.
Robin Good-Fellow.
Fairies.

The Consorts.

Bottom the Weaver, *Quince* the Carpenter, *Snug* the Joyner, *Flute* the Bellows-mender, *Snout* the Tinker, and *Starveling* the Taylor.

Singers and Dancers in the Second Act.

Fairy-Spirits, *Night*, *Listery*, *Secrets*, *Sleep*, and their Attendants, Singers, and Dancers.

Singers in the Third Act.

Nymphs, *Coridon*, and *Hopsy*; with a Chorus of *Fairies*, and *Naiads*, with *Bordmen*, and *Hay-mowers* Dancers.

Singers and Dancers in the Fourth Act.

Spring, *Summer*, *Autumn*, *Winter*, and their Attendants; *Lab*: A Dance of the hours of Lovers.

Singers and Dancers in the Fifth Act.

Jane, *Chinese* Men and Women.
A Chorus of *Chinese*.
A Dance of 6 Monkeys.
An Entry of a *Chinese* Man and Woman.
A Grand Dance of 24 *Chinese*.

THE Fairy-Queen.

ACT I. SCENE, *A Palace.*

Enter Duke and Attendants at one door. Egeus, Hermia, Lysander, *and* Demetrius *at the other.*

Du. NOw, good *Egeus*, what's the News with thee?
Eg. Full of Vexation come I, and Complaint,
Against my Child, my Daughter *Hermia.*
Stand forth *Demetrius*, my Gracious Lord,
This Man has my Consent to Marry her.
Stand forth, *Lysander*; this, most Noble Duke,
This, has Bewitch'd the Bosom of my Child.
Thou, thou *Lysander*, thou hast given her Spells,
In Bracelets of thy Hair, Rings, Lockets, Verses.
(Arts that prevail on unexperienc'd Youth)
With cunning thou hast stoln my Daughter's Heart.
Turn'd her Obedience (which is due to me)
To Stubbornes: If therefore, (Royal Sir)
My Daughter does not here before your Grace,
Consent to Marry with *Demetrius*,
Let the stern Law punish her Disobedience,
And Cage her in a Nunnery.
Du. Be advis'd, Fair *Hermia*,
To you your Father should be as a God,
The Maker of those Beauties; yes, and one
To whom you are but as a Form in Wax,
By him Imprinted, and within his Pow'r,

To leave the Figure, or to race it out.
Her. O would my Father look'd but with my Eyes.
Du. No, no; your Eyes muſt with his Judgment look.
Her. Let me intreat you, Sir, to Pardon me.
I know not by what Power I am made bold,
Nor how it may concern my Modeſty,
In ſuch a Preſence to unfold my thoughts.
But I beſeech your Grace, that I may know
The worſt that may befal me in this caſe,
If I refuſe to Wed *Demetrius.*
Du. You muſt Abjure
For ever the Society of Men.
Therefore, Fair *Hermia*, queſtion your Deſires,
Know of your Youth, examine well your Blood,
Whether (if you refuſe your Father's Choice)
You can indure the Habit of a Nun,
To be immur'd for ever in a Cloiſter.
Her. Is there no Mean? No other Choice, my Lord?
Du. None, *Hermia*, none.
Therefore prepare to be Obedient,
Or like a Roſe to wither on the Tree.
Conſider well; take till to morrow Morning,
And give me then your Reſolution.
De. Relent, ſweet *Hermia*; and *Lyſander* yield
Your doubtful Title, to my certain right.
Ly. You have her Father's Love, *Demetrius*,
Let me have *Hermia*'s; Marry, marry him.
Eg. Scornful *Lyſander*, true he has my Love.
And what is mine my Love ſhall render him;
And ſhe is mine, and all my right in her
I give, and ſettle on *Demetrius.*
Ly. I am, my Lord, as Nobly Born, as he;
My Fortune's every way as great as his.
And (without boaſt) my Love is more than his.
But what is more than all theſe boaſts can be,
I am Belov'd of Beautious *Hermia.*
Why ſhould this Faithleſs Man Invade my Right?
He who ſolicited Old *Nedar*'s Daughter,
And won her Love; The Beautious *Helena*,
Tho' ſhe's neglected; ſhe poor Lady dotes

Upon this ſpotted and inconſtant Man.
Du. 'Tis true, *Lyſander*, I have heard as much.
Hermia, reſolve to be obedient.
Or, as the Law ordains it, you muſt take
An everlaſting Farewel of the World.
To Morrow in the Morning give your anſwer: ſo farewell.
[*Ex. all but* Her. *and* Ly.
Ly. O my true *Hermia!* I have never found
By Obſervation, nor by Hiſtory,
That Lovers run a ſmooth, and even courſe:
Either they are unequal in their Birth———
Her. O croſs too high to be impos'd on Love!
Ly. Or if there be a Simpathy in choice,
War, Sickneſs, or pale Death lay Siege to it,
Making it momentary as a ſound,
Swift as the Lightning in the blackeſt night;
That at one Inſtant ſhews both Heav'n and Earth.
Yet e'er a man can ſay, behold the Flame,
The jaws of darkneſs have devour'd it up;
So quick even brighteſt things run to Confuſion.
Her. If then true Lovers have been ever croſs'd,
It ſtands as a Decree in Deſtiny.
Then let us teach each other Patience,
Becauſe it is a cuſtomary thing.
Ly. 'Tis well adviſ'd, my *Hermia*,
Pray hear me. I have an Aunt, a Widow,
She has no Child, and is extreamly rich;
She choſe me, loves me, bred me as her Son,
Has ſetled all her Fortune upon me.
To her we'll fly; and there, (my ſweeteſt *Hermia*)
There (if you give conſent) I'll marry you.
And thither this Inhuman, Cruel Law
Cannot purſue us. If thou lov'ſt me then,
Steal from thy Father's Houſe this very night,
And in the Wood, a mile without the Town,
Near the great ſpreading Oak, I'll ſtay for thee,
And at ſome little diſtance from that place
Have all things ready to convey thee thence.
Her. Oh my *Lyſander!*
I ſwear to thee by *Cupid*'s ſtrongeſt Bow,

By his beſt Arrow with the Golden Head,
By all the Oaths which ever Men have broke,
(In number more than ever Women ſpoke)
I will, where thou appoint'ſt, meet my *Lyſander.*

Ly. Enough, my Love: look here comes *Hellena.*

Enter Hellena.

Her. Welcome, fair *Hellena.*

Hel. You mock me, *Hermia*, when you call me fair;
'Tis you are fair, 'tis you *Demetrius* loves.
Sickneſs is catching, oh were Beauty ſo,
I'd catch your Graces, *Hermia*, e'er I go;
My Ear ſhould catch your Voice, my Eye your Eye,
My Tongue ſhould catch your Tongue's ſweet Harmony.
O teach me how you look, and with what art
You charm and govern my *Demetrius*'s Heart?

Her. I frown upon him, yet he loves me ſtill.

Hel. Oh that your frowns could teach my ſmiles ſuch Skill!

Her. I give him Curſes, when he gives me Love.

Hel. Oh that my Prayers could ſuch Affection move!

Her. His Folly, *Hellena*, is none of mine.

Hel. No, 'tis your Beauty; wou'd that Fault were mine.

Her. Take comfort, he no more ſhall ſee my Face.

Ly. To you, fair *Hellena*, we'll diſcloſe our minds.
This very night, when *Luna* does behold
Her Silver Viſage in the Watry Glaſs,
Decking with liquid Pearl the bladed Graſs,
(A time propitious to unhappy Lovers)
We from this curſed Town will ſteal away.

Her. And in the Wood, where often you and I
Upon faint Primroſe Beds have laid us down,
Emptying our Boſoms of our ſecret thoughts.
There my *Lyſander* and my ſelf ſhall meet
To ſeek new Friends, new Habitations.

Ly. Madam, farewell. O may the Pow'rs above
Make *Hellen* happy in *Demetrius*'s Love.

[*Exeunt* Lyſander *and* Hermia.

Hel. Oh why ſhould ſhe be more belov'd than I?
My Beauty is as much extol'd as hers:

But

But what of that? *Demetrius* thinks not ſo;
He will not ſee that which all others do.
Love looks not with the Eyes, but with the Mind,
Therefore the God of Love is painted blind:
Love never had of Judgment any Taſte;
Wings, and no Eyes, muſt figure thoughtleſs Haſte.
For the ſame reaſon Love is call'd a Child,
Becauſe ſo often in his choice beguil'd.
As Boys ev'n at their Sports themſelves forſwear;
So the Boy Love is perjur'd every where.
Before *Demetrius* ſaw fair *Hermia*'s Eyes,
He ſwore his Heart was made my Beauty's Prize.
But when from *Hermia* new-heat he felt,
His frozen Oaths did in an Inſtant melt.
I'll to *Demetrius*, tell him of their flight,
The place they meet at by the Moon's pale light:
Then to the Wood he will purſue the Maid;
And if he thanks me, I am overpaid. [*Exit.*

Enter Quince *the Carpenter*, Snug *the Joyner*, Bottom *the Weaver*, Flute *the Bellows-mender*, Snout *the Tinker*, *and* Starveling *the Taylor*.

Qu. Is all our Company here?

Bo. You had beſt call 'em generally, Man by Man, according to the Scrip.

Qu. Here is the Scrowl of every Man's Name, who is thought fit through all the Town to play in our Enterlude before the Duke, at the Marriage of *Lyſander* and *Hermia*, or *Demetrius* and *Hermia*, no matter which.

Bo. Firſt, *Peter Quince*, ſay what the Play treats on; then read the Names of the Actors, and ſo go on to appoint the Parts.

Qu. Marry, our Play is the moſt lamentable Comedy, and moſt cruel Death of *Pyramus* and *Thisbe*.

Bo. A very good piece of work, and a merry. Now, good *Peter Quince*, call forth the Actors. Maſters ſpread your ſelves.

Qu. Anſwer as I call you. *Nick Bottom* the *Weaver*.

Bo. Ready. Name what part I am for, and proceed.

Qu. You *Nick Bottom*, are ſet down for *Pyramus*.

Bo. What is *Pyramus*? a Lover, or a Tyrant?

Lu. A Lover that kills himſelf moſt Gallantly for Love.

Bo. That

Bo. That will ask ſome tears in the true performance of it. If I do it, let the Ladies look to their Eyes; I will move ſtones. I will condole in ſome meaſure. [*To the reſt.*] yet my chief humour is for a Tyrant. I could play *Ercles* rarely, or a part to make all ſplit. The raging Rocks, and ſhivering Shocks, ſhall break the Locks of Priſon-Gates; and *Phœbus* Carr ſhall ſhine from far, and make, and mar the fooliſh Fates. This was *Lofty*. Now name the reſt of the Players, *This is* Ercle's *vain, a Tyrant's vain, a Lover's is more condoling.*

Qu. Francis Flute the Bellows-mender.

Fl. Here, *Peter Quince.*

Qu. You muſt take *Thisbe* on you.

Fl. What is *Thisbe?* A wandring Knight?

Qu. It is the Lady that *Pyramus* muſt love.

Fl. Nay faith, let not me play a Woman, I have a beard come.

Qu. That's all one, you ſhall play it in a Maſk, and you may ſpeak as ſmall as you will.

Bo. And I may hide my face, let me play *Thisbe* too; I'll ſpeak in a monſtrous little voice, *Thisbe, Thisbe*; ah! *Pyramus*, my Lover dear, and *Thisbe* dear, and Lady dear.

Qu. No, no, you muſt play *Pyramus*, and I'll play *Thisbe*, and *Flute*, *Thisbe*'s Father.

Bo. Well, proceed.

Qu. Robin Starveling the Taylor.

St. Here, *Peter Quince.*

Qu. Robin Starveling, you muſt play *Thisbe*'s Mother. *Tom Snout* the Tinker.

Sn. Here, *Peter Quince.*

Qu. You, *Pyramus*'s Father: *Snug* the Joyner, you the Lion's part, and I hope there is a Play fitted.

Snug. Have you the Lion's part written? Pray if it be, give it me, for I am ſlow of Study.

Qu. You may do it *extempore*, for it is nothing but roaring.

Bo. Let me play the Lion too, I will roar that it will do any Man's heart good to hear me; I will roar, that I will make the Duke ſay, let him roar again, let him roar again.

Qu. If you ſhould do it too terribly, you would fright the Ladies, and they would ſhriek, and that were enough to hang us all.

All

All. I, I, that would hang every Mothers Son of us.

Bo. I grant you friends, if I ſhould fright the Ladies out of their wits, they might have no more diſcretion but to hang us, but I will aggravate my voice ſo, that I will roar you as gently as any ſucking Dove; I will roar you as 'twere any Nightingale.

Qu. You can play no part but *Pyramus*; for *Pyramus* is a ſweet fac'd Youth, as proper a Man as one ſhall ſee in a Summers Day; a moſt lovely Gentleman-like man, therefore you muſt needs play *Pyramus*.

Bo. I will undertake it then. But hark you, *Peter Quince.*

Qu. What ſay'ſt thou, *Bully Bottom?*

Bo. There are things in this Comedy of *Pyramus* and *Thisbe*, will never pleaſe; firſt, *Pyramus* muſt draw a Sword to kill himſelf, which the Ladies cannot abide. How anſwer you that?

Snug. Berlaken, a parlous fear.

Sta. I believe we muſt leave killing out, when all's done.

Bo. Not a whit, I have a device to make all well; write me a Prologue, and let the Prologue ſay we will do no harm with our Swords, and that *Pyramus* is not kill'd indeed; and for the better aſſurance, tell 'em that I *Pyramus* am not *Pyramus*, but *Nick Bottom* the Weaver, and that will put 'em out of all fear.

Qu. Well, we will have ſuch a Prologue.

Sno. Will not the Ladies be afraid of the Lion?

Sta. I promiſe you I fear it.

Bo. Maſters, you ought to conſider with your ſelves. To bring in (God bleſs us) a Lion among Ladies, is a moſt dreadful thing! for there is not a more fearful Wild-fowl than the Lion living, and we ought to look to it.

Snug. Therefore we muſt have another Prologue to tell 'em he is not a Lion.

Bo. Nay, you muſt name his name, and half his face muſt be ſeen thro' the Lion's neck, and he himſelf muſt ſpeak thro' it, ſaying thus, or to the ſame defect; Ladies, or fair Ladies, I would wiſh you, or I would requeſt you, or I would intreat you, nor to fear, nor to tremble, my life for yours: if you think I come hither as a Lion, it were pity of my life; no, I am no ſuch thing, I am a Man as other Men are. And there

indeed

in deed let him Name his Name, and tell 'em plainly he is *Snug* the Joyner.

Qu. Well, it ſhall be ſo. But there are two hard things in our Comedy, to bring the Moon-ſhine into a Chamber, for you know *Pyramus* and *Thisbe* met by Moon-light.

Snug. Does the Moon ſhine that Night we play our Play?

Bo. A Callender, a Callender. Look in the Almanack; find out Moon-ſhine, find out Moon-ſhine.

Fl. Yes, it does Shine that Night.

Bo. Why then you may leave a Caſement of the great Hall Window (where we play our Play) open, and the Moon may ſhine in at the Caſement.

Qu. Or elſe, one may come in with a Buſh of Thorns, and a Lanthorn, and ſay he comes to disfigure, or to preſent the Perſon of Moon-ſhine. Then there is another thing, we muſt have a Wall in the great Room; for *Pyramus* and *Thisbe*, (as ſays the Story) did talk thro' the chink of a Wall.

Sta. You can never bring in a Wall. What ſay you *Bottom*?

Bo. Some Man or other muſt preſent Wall, and let him have ſome Plaſter, and ſome Lome, and ſome rough-caſt about him, to ſignifie Wall; and let him hold his Fingers thus, and thro' that Cranny ſhall *Pyramus* and *Thisbe* whiſper.

Qu. If that may be, then all's well; here my Maſters, here are your Parts; and I am to intreat you, requeſt you, and deſire you, to Con 'em againſt Night, and meet in the Palace-Wood, a Mile without the Town, by Moon-light; there we will Rehearſe; for if we meet in the City, we ſhall be dogg'd with Company, and our Devices known; in the mean time, I will get your Properties ready, and all your Habits, that every Man may Dreſs, to Act it in Form; and pray fail me not.

Bo. We will meet, and there we may Rehearſe more obſcenely, and couragiouſly. Take pains, and be perfect. Adieu.

Qu. At the Duke's Oak we meet.

All. Enough, enough. [*Exeunt.*

ACT.

ACT. II.

SCENE *a Wood, by Moon-light.*

Enter a Fairy *at one door,* Robin Goodfellow *at the other.*

Ro. TEll me *Fairy*, where's our Queen?
And where have you been wandering?

Fa. Over Hill, over Dale, thro' Bush, thro' Bryer,
Over Park, over Pale, thro' Flood, thro' Fire,
I wander swifter than the Moon's bright Sphere.
I serve the Mighty *Fairy-Queen*,
Sprinkle her Circles on the Green.
The Cowslips tall, her Pentioners be;
Spots in their Gold Coats you see.
Those be Rubies, Fairy-Favours,
In those freckles live their savours;
I must gather Dew-drops here,
And hang a Pearl in every Cowslips Ear.
Farewell Lob-Spirit, I'll be gone,
The Queen and all her Elves come here anon.

Ro. The King will keep his Revels here to Night,
Take heed the Queen comes not within his Sight.
For *Oberon* is passing fell and wrath,
Because that she for her Attendant hath
A Lovely Boy, stoln from an *Indian* King,
She never had so fair a Changling.
The Jealous *Oberon* would have the Child,
But she perforce with-holds the Lovely Boy.
And now they never meet in Grove, or Green,
By Fountain, or by Star-light, are they seen:
But as they quarrel, all their Elves for fear,
Creep into Acorn-Cups, and hide 'em there.

Fa. Either I mistake your shape, and making quite,
Or else you are that shrewd, and Knavish Spright,
Call'd *Robin Good-Fellow*; are you not he
Fright Village-Maids and pinch each Slattish She?

Skim Milk, and ſometimes labour in the Quern,
And bootleſs make the breathleſs Huſwife Chern?
And ſometimes make the Drink to bear no Barm?
Miſlead Night-wanderers, laughing at their harm?
Thoſe that Hobgoblin call you, and kind Puck,
You ſweep their Houſes, ſend 'em all good luck;
Are you not he?

Rob. Yes, yes, thou ſpeak'ſt aright,
I am that Merry Wanderer of the Night.
I jeſt to *Oberon*, and make him ſmile.
Sometimes I hide me in a Goſſips Bowl,
Juſt in the likeneſs of a Roaſted Crab;
And when ſhe drinks, againſt her Lips I bob;
And on her wither'd Dew-lap pour the Ale,
The wiſeſt Wife, telling the ſaddeſt Tale.
She for a Three-leg'd Stool miſtaketh me,
Then ſlip I from her Bum, down toples ſhe.
Look yonder, *Fairy*, here comes *Oberon*!

Fa. *Titania* meets him, would we two were gone.

Enter Oberon, *and Train at one Door.* Titania, *and her Train at the other.*

Ob. Now proud *Titania* I ſhall find your Haunts.

Tit. What, Jealous *Oberon*! Faries away,
I have forſworn his Bed, and Company.

Ob. Tarry, raſh Woman, am not I thy Lord?

Tit. And am not I your Lady too? Remember
When you did ſteal away from *Fairy-Land*,
And in the ſhape of *Corin* ſat all day
Playing on Oaten-Pipes, and Singing Love
To Amorous *Philida*. Why are you here
Come from the farthest Verge of India?
But that ſome Luſty Pair, ſome Wedding's near,
And you muſt Sport, and Revel with the Bride,
And give their Bed Joy and Proſperity.

Ob. How canſt thou thus for ſhame, *Titania*,
Reflect on my paſt ſcapes? when well thou know'ſt,
I have purſu'd you to this very place,
Where you retir'd, to Wanton with a Boy

You

You lately ſtole from a Fair *Indian.*

Tit. Theſe are the Forgeries of Jealouſie.
And never ſince the middle of the Summer,
Met we on Hill, or Dale, Forreſt, or Mead,
By Streaming Fountain, or by Ruſhy Brook,
Or on the beached Margent of the Sea,
To Dance in Circles to the Whiſtling Wind;
But with thy brawls thou haſt diſturb'd our Sport.

Ob. Do you amend it then, it lies in you;
Why ſhould *Titania* croſs her *Oberon?*
I only beg a little Changling Boy,
Give me him, we are Friends.

Tit. Let this ſuffice,
All *Fairy-Land* buys not the Child of me:
His Mother was a Votreſs of my Order,
And for her ſake I breed the pretty Boy,
And for her ſake, I will not part with him.

Ob. How long within this Wood mean you to ſtay?

Tit. 'Till you have Grac'd your Lover's Nuptial Day.
If you will patiently Dance in our Round,
And ſee our Midnight Revels, go with us;
If not, avoid my Haunts, as I will yours.

Ob. Give me the Boy, and I will go with you.

Tit. Not for the Wealth of *India,* come away.
We chide down-right, if I *ſhould* longer ſtay.
[*Exit* Tit. *and Train.*

Ob. Well, go thy ways, thou ſhalt not from this Grove,
'Till I Torment thee for this Injury.
My gentle Puck come hither, thou remembreſt
Since when I ſat upon a Promontory,
And heard a Mearmaid, on a Dolphin's back,
Sing with ſuch Sweet, with ſuch Harmonious breath,
That the Rude Sea grew Civil at her Song,
And Twinkling Stars ſhot madly from their Sphears,
To hear the Sea-Maid's Muſick.

Rob. I well remember it.

Ob. That very time I ſay (thou couldſt not ſee it)
Flying between the cold Moon, and the Earth,
I ſaw young *Cupid* in the Mid-way hanging,
At a Fair Veſtal Virgin taking aim;

Let flye his Love-Shaft ſmartly from his Bow,
As it would pierce a hundred thouſand Hearts:
But when it came beneath the watry Moon,
The Chaſt Beams of *Diana* quench'd its heat,
And the Imperial Virgin paſſed on,
In Maiden Meditation, free from harm.

Rob. What's this to me?

Ob Obſerve me, *Rudk.*
I look'd, and mark'd the place where the Bolt fell;
It fell upon a little weſtern Flower,
Before Milk white, now Purple, with Love's wound,
And Maidens call it, *Love in Idleneſs*:
Fetch me that Flower, thou know'ſt I ſhew'd it thee.
The juice of it on Sleeping Eye-lids laid,
Will make a Man or Woman madly Dote
Upon the next Live Creature that it ſees.
Fetch me this Herb, go, and be here again,
E'er the *Leviathan* can ſwim a League.

Rob. I'll compaſs the whole Earth in forty minutes. [*Exit.*

Ob. When I have this Juice,
I'll find *Titania* where ſhe lies aſleep,
And drop ſome of the Liquor in her Eyes.
The next Live Thing ſhe waking looks upon,
(Be it on Lion, Bear, or Wolf, or Bull,
The medling Monkey, or the buſie Ape)
She ſhall (with all the eagerneſs of Love)
Purſue; and e're I take the Charm away,
(As I can take it with another Herb)
I'll make her render up her Page to me.
But who comes here? I am invisible;
I'll ſtay and over-hear their Conference.

Enter *Demetrius*, and *Helena* following him.

Dem. Why do you follow him who Loves you not?
Where is *Lyſander*? and Fair *Hermia*?
You told me they were ſtoln into this Wood.
I ſeek, but cannot find *her*. Hence, be gone.

Hel You draw me, you hard-hearted Adamant;
And yet I am not Iron, yet you draw me.

De. Do I intice you? do I ſpeak you fair?
I rather tell you an ill-manner'd Truth,
Tell you I do not, nor I cannot love you.
Hel. And even for that I love *Demetrius* more.
Ah! what am I reduc'd to? like a Spannel,
The more you beat, the more I fawn on you.
Uſe me moſt barbarouſly, ſtrike me, ſpurn me,
Neglect me, ſcorn me; only give me leave,
Unworthy as I am, to follow you.
De. You throw a ſcandal on your Modeſty,
To leave the City, and commit your ſelf
Into the hands of one who loves you not:
To truſt the opportunity of Night,
And the ill Counſel of a Deſart place,
With the rich purchaſe of your Virgin Treaſure.
Hel. Your Virtue is my Guard, *Demetrius*:
It is not night when I behold that Face,
Nor can this Wood want Worlds of Company,
For you, my Love, are all the World to me,
Then how can I be ſaid to be alone,
When all the World is here to guard my Virtue.
De. I'll run from thee, and hide me in the Brakes,
And leave thee to the Mercy of Wild Beaſts.
Hel. The wildeſt Beaſt has not a Heart like you:
Run when you will, the Story ſhall be chang'd;
Apollo flies, *Daphne* purſues the God;
The Dove chaſes the Vulture; the mild Hind
Makes haſte to catch the Tyger; prepoſtrous Chace,
When Cowardiſe purſues, and Valour flies.
De. Plague me no more, return e'er 'tis too late.
Follow me not, for fear my Rage ſhould tempt me
To ſome unmanly Act, and miſchief thee. [*Ex.* De.
Hel. Ay, in the Temple, in the Town, and Field,
You do me miſchief every where, *Demetrius*:
Such Wrongs will be a ſcandal to your Sex.
I'll follow if he rids me of my Woe,
I'll kiſs the hand that gives the fatal blow. [*Ex.* Hel.
Ob. Poor Nymph, farewell. Before he leaves this Grove
Thou ſhalt fly him, and he ſhall ſeek thy Love.

Enter

Enter Robin-Good-Fellow.

Welcome my Puck; haſt thou the Flow'r?
Rob. 'Tis here.
Ob. Give it me Puck.
I know there is a bank where wild Time blows,
Where Ox-lips, and the nodding Violet grows,
All over Canopied with Woodbine ſweet,
Where Eglantine, and where Musk-Roſes meet.
There my *Titania* Sleeps, lull'd in Delights,
And tyr'd in Dancing with her Fairy Sprights.
'Tis there the Snake caſts her Enammell'd skin,
Too large a Robe to cloathe a Fairy in.
There with this wondrous Juice I'le ſtreak her Eyes.
Take ſome of it; you'l find within this Grove,
A *moſt Unhappy Nymph*, who is in Love
With a diſdainful Youth; anoint his Eyes;
But do it, that the next thing he eſpies
May be that Lady; thou ſhalt know the Man,
By the Embroider'd Garment he has on.
Do it, and meet me at the Cryſtal Lake.
Rob. I will; and bring the Nymph when he ſhall wake.
Ob. What different Paſſions in her Soul will move?
To ſee his former Hatred, turn'd to Love. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Titania, *and her Train.*

Tit. Take Hands, and trip it in a round,
While I Conſecrate the ground.
All ſhall change at my Command,
All ſhall turn to *Fairy-Land.*

The Scene changes to a Proſpect of Grotto's, Arbors, and delightful Walks: The Arbors are Adorn'd with all variety of Flowers, the Grotto's ſupported by Terms, theſe lead to two Arbors on either ſide of the Scene, of a great length, whoſe proſpect runs toward the two Angles of the Houſe. Between theſe two Arbors is the great Grotto, which is continued by ſeveral Arches, to the farther end of the Houſe.

Now

Now *Fairies* ſearch, ſearch every where,
Let no Unclean thing be near.
Nothing Venomous, or Foul,
No *Raven*, *Bat*, or hooting *Owle*.
No *Toad*, nor *Elf*, nor *Blind-worm*'s Sting.
No Poiſonous Herb in this place Spring.
Have you ſearch'd? is no ill near?
All. Nothing, nothing; all is clear.
Tit. Let your Revels now begin,
Some ſhall Dance, and ſome ſhall Sing.
All Delights this place ſurround,
Every ſweet Harmonious Sound,
That e're Charm'd a skilful Ear,
Meet, and Entertain us here.
Let Eccho's plac'd in every Grot,
Catch, and repeat each Dying Note.

A PRELUDE.

Then the Firſt SONG.

COme all ye Songſters of the Sky,
Wake, and Aſſemble in this Wood;
But no ill-boding Bird be nigh,
None but the Harmleſs and the Good.
May the God of Wit inſpire,
The Sacred Nine to bear a part;
And the Bleſſed Heavenly Quire,
Shew the utmoſt of their Art.
While Eccho ſhall in ſounds remote,
Repeat each Note,
Each Note, each Note.

Chorus.

May the God, *&c.*

Now

Now joyn your Warbling Voices all,
Sing while we trip it on the Green;
But no ill Vapours riſe or fall,
Nothing offend our *Fairy* Queen.

Chorus.

Sing while we trip, *&c.*

At the end of the firſt Stanza, a Compoſition of Inſtrumental Muſick, in imitation of an Eccho. Then a Fairy *Dance.*

Tit. Come *Elves*, another Dance, and *Fairy* Song;
Then hence, and leave me for a while alone.
Some to kill *Kankers* in the *Musk-Roſe-Buds*;
Some War with *Rere-mice* for their Leathern Wings,
To make my ſmall *Elves* Coats. And ſome keep back
The clamarous Owl, that hoots, and wonders at us.
Each knows her Office. Sing me now to Sleep;
And let the Sentinels their Watches keep. [*She lyes down.*

2. *SONG.*

Enter Night, Myſtery, Secreſie, Sleep; *and their Attendants.*

Night *Sings.*

Ni. SEe, even *Night* her ſelf is here,
To favour your Deſign;
And all her Peaceful Train is near,
That Men to Sleep incline.
Let Noiſe and Care,
Doubt and Deſpair,

Envy

Envy and Spight,
(The Fiends delight)
Be ever Baniſh'd hence.
Let ſoft Repoſe,
Her Eye-lids cloſe;
And murmuring Streams,
Bring pleaſing Dreams;
Let nothing ſtay to give offence.

See, even *Night*, *&c.*

Myſ. I am come to lock all faſt,
Love without me cannot laſt.
Love, like Counſels of the Wiſe,
Muſt be hid from Vulgar Eyes.
'Tis holy, and we muſt conceal it,
They profane it, who reveal it.

I am come, *&c.*

Se. One charming Night
Gives more delight,
Than a hundred lucky Days.
Night and I improve the taſt,
Make the pleaſure longer laſt,
A thouſand thouſand ſeveral ways.

Make the pleaſure, *&c.*

Sl. Huſh, no more, be ſilent all,
Sweet Repoſe has clos'd her Eyes.
Soft as feather'd Snow does fall.

Softly, softly, steal from hence.
No noise disturb her sleeping sence.
Rest till the Rosie Morn's uprise.

Chorus. Hush, no more, *&c.*

A Dance of the Followers of Night.

Enter Oberon.

Ob. What thou seest when thou dost wake,
For thy Lover thou must take,
Sigh, and Languish, for his sake.
Be it Ounce, or Wolf, or Bear,
Pard, or Boar with bristel'd Hair,
In thy Eye what first appear,
Make that Beastly thing thy Dear,
Wake, when some vile Creature's near. [*Ex. Ob.*

Enter Lysander, *and* Hermia.

Ly. You faint, my Sweet, with wandring in the Wood,
I fear, my *Hermia*, we mistook our way.
Let us lye down, and rest, if you think good,
And tarry for the comfort of the Day.
Her. Let it be so, *Lysander*,
Go, lay thee down; and so good-night, dear Friend,
Our Loves ne're alter, till our Lives shall end.
Ly. Amen to that sweet Pray'r, my Charming Love.
May my Life end, when I inconstant prove..
[*They lye down at a distance.*

Enter Robin-Good-Fellow.

Rob. Through the Forrest I have gone,
But a Stranger find I none,
With Embroider'd Garment on;

On

On whoſe Eyes I might approve,
This Flowr's force in Moving Love.
Night, and ſilence! who is here?
He does ſuch a Garment wear.
This is he, my Maſter ſaid,
Scorn'd and deſpis'd the lovely Maid.
Here's the Virgin ſleeping ſound,
On the *Dank*, and dewy Ground.
Churl, upon thy Eyes I throw,
All the pow'r this Charm does owe.
At the firſt Cock wake, and ſpy,
She who Loves thee very nigh.
Farewel Lovers, I am gone;
I muſt now to *Oberon*, [*Exit.*

ACT III.

Enter Helena.

Hel. I Am out of breath with following him so fast,
O happy *Hermia*, wherefoe'er she is!
How her attractive Eyes still draw him on!
How came her Eyes so bright? not with salt tears;
If so, my eyes are oftner wash'd than hers,
Ha! who lies here? *Lysander* on the Ground!
I hope he is not dead! *Lysander*, speak. [Ly. *wakes.*

Ly. Ha, *Helen!* fairest of all Womankind!
More lovely than the *Grecian* Beauty was,
Who drew so many Kings to wed her Cause.
Ah, false *Demetrius!* when e'er we meet,
This Sword shall punish thy Ingratitude.

Hel. O say not so, *Lysander!* though he loves
Your Mistress, kill him not; pray be content,
Be satisfy'd, your *Hermia* loves you still.

Ly. Content with *Hermia!* no, I now repent
Each tedious minute I have spent with her.
'Tis *Helena*, not *Hermia*, I love:
Who wou'd not change a Raven for a Dove?
No growing things are ripe before their Season;
Time and Experience only ripens Reason.
When I saw *Hermia* first, I was unripe,
Raw, green, and unacquainted with the World;
But time and you have taught me better Skill,
For now my Reason over-rules my Will.
I find new Charms when on your Eyes I look,
And read Love's Stories in Love's fairest Book.

Hel. What spightful Planet reign'd when I was born?
What have I done deserves this Mockery?
But fare you well; I thought you better natur'd.
Must I, because I am by one refus'd,
Be by the rest of all Mankind abus'd! [*Exit.*

Ly. She sees not *Hermia.* Sleep, sleep for ever;
Never come nearer to *Lysander* more.
For as a Surfeit of the sweetest things,

Creates

Creates a greater loathing in the Stomach.
Thou art my Surfeit, and I hate thee moſt:
O may I never, never ſee thee more;
Helen the Goddeſs I muſt now adore. [*Ex.* Ly.

Her. Help me, *Lyſander*, quickly! help me here, [Her. *wakes.*
To pluck this crawling Serpent from my Breaſt:
Oh all ye Powers! what a Dream had I?
Methought a Serpent eat my Heart away,
And yet ſat ſmiling at his cruel Prey:
Lyſander; what, remov'd? where are you? ſpeak.
No ſound! no word! O I ſhall die with fear!
Who are theſe coming hither? Let me fly!
My Fears will vaniſh, if *Lyſander*'s nigh. [*Ex.* Her.

Enter Bottom, Quince, Snug, Flute, Snout, *and* Starveling.

Bot. Are we all met?

Qu. All, all, and dreſt in the ſame Habits we intend to act in before the Duke; and here's a marvellous convenient place for our Rehearſal; this Plat ſhall be our Stage; behind theſe Trees our retiring Room: and we will do it in action, as we will do it before the whole Court.

Enter Robin-Good-Fellow.

Ro. What home-ſpun Fellows have we ſwagg'ring here,
So near the Grotto of the Fairy-Queen?

Qu. Now every Man retire, and enter according to his Cue. *Prologue*, ſtand ready, you begin.

Ro. What, a Play toward? I'll be an Auditor;
An Actor too, perhaps, as I ſee cauſe.

Enter Prologue.

Pro. If we offend, it is with our good Will
That you ſhould think we come not to offend:
But with good will to ſhew our ſimple Skill,
That is the true beginning of our end.
Conſider then we come but in deſpight;
We do not come as minding to content you.

Our

Our true intent is all for your delight:
We are not here that you ſhould here repent you.
The Actors are at hand, and by their ſhow,
You ſhall know all that you are like to know.

Bo. He has rid his Prologue like a rough Colt, he knows no ſtop; 'Tis not enough to ſpeak, but to ſpeak true.

Enter Wall.

Wall. In this ſame Interlude it doth befal,
That I, *Starveling* (by name) preſent a Wall:
And ſuch a Wall as I would have you think,
That had in it a crannied hole or chink.
Through which the Lovers, *Pyramus* and *Thisbe*,
Did whiſper often very ſecretly.
This Loam, this Rough-caſt, and this Stone doth ſhow,
That I am that ſame Wall, the Truth is ſo;
And this the Cranny is, right and ſiniſter,
Through which the fearful Lovers are to whiſper.

Ro. Who wou'd deſire Lime and Hair to ſpeak better? 'Tis the wittieſt Partition I ever ſaw.

Enter Pyramus.

Py. O grim-look'd Night! a Night with hue ſo black!
O night! which ever art when day is not!
Oh night! oh night! alack! alack! alack!
I fear my *Thisbe*'s Promiſe is forgot.
And thou, oh Wall; thou ſweet and lovely Wall,
That ſtands between her Father's Ground and mine,
Shew me thy Chink to blink through with my eyn.
Thanks, courteous Wall, *Jove* ſhield thee well for this.
But what ſee I? no *Thisbe* do I ſee:
O wicked Wall, through whom I ſee no Bliſs!
Curſt be thy Stones for thus deceiving me.

Ro. Methinks the Wall being ſenſible, ſhou'd curſe again.

Bo. No, but he ſhou'd not: Deceiving me is *Thisbe*'s Cue. Therefore hold your prating there.

Enter

Enter Thisbe.

Th. O Wall, full often haſt thou heard my Moans;
For parting my fair *Pyramus* and me.
Py. I hear a Voice; now will I to the Chink,
To ſpy if I can ſee my *Thisbe*'s Face. *Thisbe!*
Th. My Love thou art; my Love, I think.
Py. Think what thou wilt, I am thy Lover's Grace;
And like *Limander* am I truſty ſtill.
Th. And I like *Helen*, till the Fates me kill.
Py. Not *Shafalus* to *Procrus* was ſo true.
Th. As *Shafalus* to *Procrus*, I to you.
Py. O kiſs me through the Hole of this vile Wall.
Th. I kiſs the Wall's Hole, not thy Lips at all.
Py. Wilt thou at *Ninny*'s Tomb meet me ſtraightway?
Th. Tide Life, tide Death; I come without delay.
[*Exeunt* Pyramus *and* Thisbe *ſeveral ways.*
Wall. Thus have I Wall, my part diſcharged ſo,
And being done, thus Wall away does go. [*Ex.* Wall.

Enter Lion *and* Moonſhine.

Lyon. You Ladies, you (whoſe gentle Hearts do fear
The ſmalleſt monſtrous Mouſe that creeps on Floor)
May now perchance both quake and tremble here.
When Lion rough in wildeſt Rage doth roar,
Then know that I one *Snug* the Joyner am;
No Lion fell, nor elſe no Lion's Dam.
For if I ſhou'd as Lion, come in ſtrife
Into this place, 'twere pity of my Life.
Ro. Upon my word, a very gentle Beaſt.
Moon. This Lanthorn does the horned Moon preſent,
My ſelf the Man i'th' Moon do ſeem to be.
Ro. Make an end, good Moon-ſhine.
Moon. All I have to ſay is to tell you, that the Lanthorn is the Moon, I the Man in the Moon, this Thorn-buſh my Thorn-buſh, and this Dog my Dog.

Enter

Enter Thisbe.

Th. This is old *Ninny*'s Tomb; where is my Love?
Lion. Oa, Oa, Oa. [*Exit* Thisbe *running, the Lion after her.*
Ro. Well roar'd Lion, and well run *Thisbe* too.

Enter Pyramus.

Py. Sweet Moon, I thank thee for thy Sunny Beams,
I thank thee, Moon, for shining now so bright:
For by thy Gracious, Golden, Glittering Streams,
I trust to taste of truest *Thisbe*'s sight.
But stay. O spight!
But mark; poor Knight!
What dreadful dole is here?
Eyes do not see,
How can it be?
O dainty Duck! O dear!
Thy Mantle slain? what stain'd with Blood?
Approach, you Furies fell:
O Fates! come, come.
Cut, thread, and thrum,
Quail, crush, conclude, and quell.

Ro. If this wont move the Ladies, poor *Pyramus* will take pains to little purpose.

Py. O wherefore, Nature, did'st thou Lions frame?
Since Lion vile has here deflour'd my Dear.
Wich is——no, no, which was the fairest Dame
That liv'd, that lov'd, that lik'd, that look'd with chear,
Come Tears confound!
Out Sword, and wound
The Pap of *Pyramus*:
Ay, that left Pap,
Where Heart doth hop,
As Bird doth hop in Cage.
Thus die I, thus, thus, thus.
Now am I dead,
Now am I fled,
My Soul is in the Sky.

Tongue

Tongue lose thy light,
Eyes take your sight,
Now die, die, die, die.

Enter Thisbe.

Th. Asleep, my Love?
What dead, my Dove?
O *Pyramus* arise!
Speak, speak! quite dumb?
Dead, dead! a Tomb
Must cover my sweet Eyes.
These Lilly-Lips, this Cherry-Nose,
These yellow Cowslip-Cheeks,
Are gone, are gone,
Lovers make moan,
His Eyes are green as Leeks.
Tongue not a word,
Come trusty Sword,
Come Blade, my Breast imbrue.
Now farewell Friends,
Thus *Thisbe* ends,
Adieu, adieu, adieu.

They all come in.

Snout. Come, get up *Pyramus* and *Thisbe*, and let me speak the Epilogue.

Ro. No, no; I'll be the Epilogue.

Robin *runs in amongst them.*

Qu. O monstrous! we are haunted!
Pray Masters; fly Masters.
All. Help, help, help!

Exeunt, running several ways.

Ro. I'll follow you;
I'll lead you such a round.

Through Bog, through Bush, through Brake, through Brier:
Sometimes a Horſe I'll be, ſometimes a Hound;
A Hog, a headleſs Bear; ſometimes a Fire,
And neigh, and grunt, and bark, and roar, and burn,
Like Horſe, Hog, Hound, Bear, Fire, at every turn. [*Ex.* Rob.

Enter Bottom, *with an Aſs's Head on.*

Bot. Why do they run away? This is a piece of Knavery among 'em, to make me afraid.

Enter Snout.

Sn. O *Bottom*! Thou art chang'd.
What's that I ſee on thee?
Bot. What do you ſee?
You ſee an Aſs-head of your own, that you ſee.

Enter Peter Quince.

Qu. Bleſs thee, *Bottom*, bleſs thee! thou art tranſlated.
[*Exeunt* Snout *and* Quince.

Bot. I find their Knavery; they would fain make an Aſs of me, and fright me if they could. But I won't ſtir from this place, do what they can. I will walk up and down here, and I will ſing, that they may hear I am not afraid.

SINGS.

The *Wooſel-Cock*, ſo black of hue,
With Orange-tawny Bill;
The *Thruſtle*, with his Note ſo true,
The *Wren* with little Quill.

Titania *wakes.*

Tit. What Angel wakes me from my Flowry Bed?

Bot.

Bot. The *Finch*, the *Sparrow*, and the *Lark*,
The One-tun'd *Cuckow* gray;
Whose Note most Married Men do mark,
And dare not answer, Nay.

For indeed, who would set his wit to so foolish a Bird? who would give a Bird the lie, tho' he cry Cuckow never so often?

Tit. I pray thee, lovely Mortal, sing again:
My Ear is much enamour'd with thy Note.
My Eye is fix'd on thy Majestick Shape.
Oh, how thy Graces charm me! I am forc'd,
At the first sight to say, to swear I love thee.

Bot. Methinks, Mistress, you should have little Reason for that; and yet to say Truth, Reason, and Love, keep little Company together now a days; the more the pity, that some honest Neighbour will not make 'em Friends. Nay I can break a Jest on occasion.

Tit. Thou art as wise as thou art beautiful.

Bot. Not so neither; but if I had Wit enough to get out of this Wood, I have enough to serve my own turn.

Tit. Out of this Wood never desire to go;
Here you shall stay whether you will or no.
I'll purge your grosness, you shall never die,
But like an airy Spirit, you shall fly.
Where are my Fairy Spirits?

Enter 4 *Fairies.*

1 *Fa.* I am here.

2 *Fa.* And I. 3 *Fa.* And I. 4. *Fa.* And I.

All. What shall we do?

Tit. Attend this Charming Youth.
Dance as he walks, and gambole in his Eye.
Feed him with Apricocks, and Dew-berries;
With purple Grapes, ripe Figs, and Mulberries.
The Hony-Bags steal from the Humble-bees.
For his Night-Tapers crop their Waxen thighs,
And light 'em at the fiery Glow-worms Eyes.
And pluck the Wings from painted Butter-flies,
To fan the Moon-beams from his sleeping Eyes.

Bow to him Elves, do Homage to my Love.
1 *Fa.* Hail, Mortal, hail.
2 *Fa.* Hail. 3 *Fa.* Hail. 4 *Fa.* Hail.
Tit. Come, wait upon him, lead him to my Bower.
The Moon, methinks, looks with a watry Eye;
And when she weeps, then every little Flower
Laments for some lost Virgin's Chastity:
Tye up my Love's Tongue; bring him silently. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Oberon.

Ob. By this time my *Titania* should be wak'd;
I long to know what came first to her Eye.

Enter Robin-Good-Fellow.

Here comes my Messenger. Welcome, mad Spright:
What pranks have you been playing in the Grove?
Rob. My Lady with a Monster is in love.
I led sweet *Pyramus* through the Fairy Pass,
And plac'd him just before the sleeping Queen;
She wak'd, and saw him, and straight lov'd the Ass,
His comly Visage, and his graceful Meen.
Ob. 'Tis as I wish'd (my Puck) but tell me now,
How fares the scornful Youth?
Rob. That's finish'd too.
I found 'em sleeping on a Bed of Brakes;
I streak'd his eyes, he sees her when he wakes.

Demetrius *and* Hermia *cross the Stage.*

Ob. Stand close, they come. Now hate her if you can.
Rob. This is the Woman, but not that the Man.
Ob. What hast thou done? thou hast mistaken quite,
And laid the Juice on the true Lover's sight.
Rob. Then Fate o'er-rules; where one Man keeps his Troth,
A thousand fail, by breaking Oath on Oath.
Ob. About the Wood, go swifter than the Wind.
You shall the poor despairing *Helen* find;
By some Illusion train, and bring her here,
I'll charm his Eyes. And when the Damsel's near,

We'll wake *Demetrius*.

Rob. I go, I go,

Swift as an Arrow from a *Tartar's* Bow. [*Ex.* Rob.

Enter Titania, Bottom, *and Fairies.*

Tit. Come, lovely Youth, sit on this flowry Bed,
While I thy amiable looks survey;
Garlands of Roses shall adorn thy Head,
A thousand Sweets shall melt themselves away,
To charm my Lover till the break of day.
Shall we have Musick sweet?

Bot. Yes, if you please.

Tit. Away, my Elves; prepare a Fairy Mask
To entertain my Love; and change this place
To my Enchanted Lake.

The Scene changes to a great Wood; a long row of large Trees on each side: A River in the middle: Two rows of lesser Trees of a different kind just on the side of the River, which meet in the middle, and make so many Arches: Two great Dragons make a Bridge over the River; their Bodies form two Arches, through which two Swans are seen in the River at a great distance.

Enter a Troop of Fawns, Dryades and Naides.

A Song in two Parts.

IF Love's a Sweet Passion, why does it torment?
If a Bitter, oh tell me whence comes my content?
Since I suffer with pleasure, why should I complain,
Or grieve at my Fate, when I know 'tis in vain?
Yet so pleasing the Pain is, so soft is the Dart,
That at once it both wounds me, and tickles my (Heart.

I preſs her Hand gently, look Languiſhing down,
And by Paſſionate Silence I make my Love known.
But oh! how I'm Bleſt when ſo kind ſhe does prove,
By ſome willing miſtake to diſcover her Love.
When in ſtriving to hide, ſhe reveals all her Flame,
And our Eyes tell each other, what neither dares (Name.

While a Symphany's Playing, the two Swans come Swimming on through the Arches to the bank of the River, as if they would Land; there turn themſelves into Fairies, *and Dance; at the ſame time the Bridge vaniſhes, and the Trees that were Arch'd, raiſe themſelves upright.*

Four Savages Enter, fright the Fairies *away, and Dance an Entry.*

Enter Coridon, *and* Mopſa.

Co. Now the Maids and the Men are making of Hay,
We have left the dull Fools, and are ſtol'n away.
Then *Mopſa* no more
Be Coy as before,
But let us merrily, merrily Play,
And Kiſs, and Kiſs, the ſweet time away.
Mo. Why how now, Sir *Clown*, how came you ſo bold?
I'd have you to know I'm not made of that mold.
I tell you again,
Maids muſt Kiſs no Men.
No, no; no, no; no Kiſſing at all;

I'le

I'le not Kiſs, till I Kiſs you for good and all.

Co. No, no.

Mo. No, no.

Co. Not Kiſs you at all.

Mo. Not Kiſs, till you Kiſs me for good and all.
Not Kiſs, *&c.*

Co. Should you give me a ſcore,
'Twould not leſſen the ſtore,
Then bid me chearfully, chearfully Kiſs,
And take, and take, my fill of your Bliſs.

Mo. I'le not truſt you ſo far, I know you too well;
Should I give you an Inch, you'd take a whole Ell.
Then Lordlike you Rule,
And laugh at the Fool.
No, no, *&c.*

A Song by a Nymph.

When I have often heard young Maids complaining,
That when Men promiſe moſt they moſt deceive,
Then I thought none of them worthy my gaining;
And what they Swore, reſolv'd ne're to believe.

But when ſo humbly he made his Addreſſes,
With Looks ſo ſoft, and with Language ſo kind,
I thought it Sin to refuſe his Careſſes;
Nature o'recame, and I ſoon chang'd my Mind.

Should he employ all his wit in deceiving,
Stretch his Invention, and artfully feign;
I find ſuch Charms, ſuch true Joy in believing,
I'll have the Pleaſure, let him have the pain.

If he proves Perjur'd, I shall not be Cheated,
He may deceive himself, but never me.
'Tis what I look for, and shan't be defeated,
For I'll be as false and inconstant as he.

A DANCE of Hay-Makers.

After the DANCE.

Chorus.

A Thousand Thousand ways we'll find
To Entertain the Hours;
No Two shall e're be known so kind,
No Life so Blest as ours.

Tit. Now I will Feast the Pallate of my Love,
The Sea, the Air, the Earth I'll ransack for thee.
Name all that Art or Nature e're produc'd,
My Sprights shall fetch it instantly: O say
What will you have to Eat?

Bo. A Peck of Provender, if your Honour please; I could munch some good dry Oats very heartily; I have a great exposition of Sleep upon me, would some of your Attendants would shew me a necessary place for that same purpose.

Tit. I'll lead thee to a Bank strew'd o'er with Violets,
With Jessamine, and cooling Orange Flowers,
There I will fold thee in my tender Arms,
As the sweet Woodbine, or the Female Ivy,
Circles the Barky Body of the Elm.
We'll Sport away the remnant of the Night,
And all the World shall envy my Delight. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT. IV.

Enter Oberon *and* Robin-Good-Fellow.

Ob. I Squeſe this Flower of Purple die,
Hit with *Cupid*'s Archery,
On the Apple of his Eye;
When the mournful *Helen*'s nigh,
She ſhall ſhine as glorioufly,
As yonder *Venus* in the Sky.
Thou ſhalt wake when ſhe is by,
And beg her pardon for thy Cruelty.
Rob. Lord of all the *Fairy*-Land,
All is done at thy Command;
Helena is here at hand,
And the Youth miſtook by me,
Pleading for a Lover's Fee.
Shall we their fond Pageants ſee?
Lord, what Fools theſe Mortals be!
Ob. Be careful, or the noiſe they make
Will cauſe *Demetrius* to awake.
Rob. Then will two one Damſel court,
That muſt needs be pleaſant ſport.
I am always pleas'd to ſee
Things fall out prepoſtrouſly.

Enter Lyſander *and* Helena:

Ly. Why ſhould think you that I would woo in ſcorn?
Scorn and Deriſion never come in Tears.
How can theſe watry Eyes ſeem Scorn to you?
Wearing Love's Livery to prove 'em true.
Hel. You but advance your cunning more and more,
When truth kills truth, 'tis the Devil's holy War.
Theſe Vows are *Hermia*'s, they belong to her.
Ly. I had no Judgment when to her I ſwore.
Hel. And now much leſs, if now you give her o'er.
Ly. Demetrius loves her, and loves not you.

Demetrius wakes.

De. Oh *Helen*! Goddeſs! Angel! all Divine!
To what ſhall I compare thoſe charming Eyes?
The Stars are dim, Cryſtal is muddy too.
How ripe, how tempting ripe thoſe Lips appear!
Thoſe two Twin-Cherries kiſſing as they grow?
The pureſt Snow holds no compariſon,
With that white lovely Breaſt. O let me kiſs
That hand, that hoard of Sweets, that Seal of Bliſs.
I am Love's Convert, *Helena*; I ſee,
And I repent my former Hereſie.

Hel. O! utmoſt ſpight! I ſee you all are bent,
All ſet againſt me for your merriment.
Can you not hate me? as I know you do;
Muſt you contrive, and joyn to mock me to?
If you are Men? as Men you are in ſhow,
You wou'd not uſe a harmleſs Virgin ſo;
To vow, and ſwear, and over-praiſe each part,
When I am ſure you hate me in your Heart.
You both are Rivals, both love *Hermia*,
And now both Rivals to mock *Helena*.

Enter Hermia.

Her. Dark night that from the Eye diſtinction takes,
The Ear more quick of apprehenſion makes.
'Twas my Ear guided me to find you out.
But why, *Liſander*, did you leave me ſo?

Ly. Impertinent! Love ſummon'd me to go.

Her. What Love could call *Lyſander* from my ſide?

Ly. The Love of *Helena*, whoſe brighter Eyes
Darken the Starry Jewels of the Night;
They take from her, not from the Sun their light.

Her. You ſpeak not as you think; it cannot be.

Hel. Oh Heav'n! ſhe's one of the Confederacy.
Injurious *Hermia*! ungrateful Maid!
Have you conſpir'd to deride me too?
What though I am not beautiful as you,

Though

Though I am moſt unhappy in my Love?
You ought to pity, not deſpiſe me for't.
But fare you well; I know the fault's my own;
And either Death, or Abſence, ſoon ſhall end it.
Ly. Stay, lovely Maid; by Heav'n I ſwear to thee,
Thou art my Eyes, my Life, my Soul, fair *Helen.*
De. I love thee more, much more than he can do.
Ly. Words, words: let us withdraw, and prove it too.
De. Follow me then.
Her. Hold, hold, *Lyſander*; to what tends all this?
Ly. Away, you *Ethiop.*
De. Ay, ay, ſeem to break looſe.
Struggle as if you meant to follow me,
But come not. You may let the tame Man go.
Ly. What can I do? would'ſt have me beat her from me?
No; though I hate her, yet I cannot harm her.
Her. How can you do me greater harm than this?
Hate me? wherefore? ah me! my deareſt Love!
Am not I *Hermia?* are not you *Lyſander?*
Or am I alter'd ſince you ſaw me laſt?
This night you lov'd me, and this night you fly me.
Have you forſaken me? (oh Heav'n forbid)
Come tell me truly; do you hate me now?
Ly. Ay, by my Life,
And wiſh I never may behold thee more.
Let this remove all doubt, for nothing's truer,
Than I hate thee, and love fair *Helena.*
Her. O then 'tis you, you Jugler, Canker-bloſſom,
You Thief of Love, you who have come by Night,
And ſtoln *Lyſander's* Heart.
Hel. Indeed 'tis fine.
Have you no Modeſty? no touch of Shame?
No Baſhfulneſs? let not this Pigmie tear
Impatient anſwers from my milder Tongue.
Her. Pigmie! why ſo? Ay, that way goes the Game.
Now I perceive ſhe has made Compariſons
Between our Statures; ſhe has urg'd her height,
Her Manly Preſence, and tall Perſonage.
And are you grown ſo high in his Eſteem,
Becauſe I am ſo Dwarfiſh, and ſo low?

How low am I? thou painted May-Pole, ſpeak.
How low am I?
Ly. Be not afraid, ſhe ſhall not hurt thee, Sweet.
De. No, Sir, ſhe ſhall not, though you take her part.
Hel. When ſhe is angry, ſhe's a very Shrew:
She was a Vixen when ſhe went to School,
And though ſhe is but little, ſhe is fierce.
Her. Little again? nothing but low and little?
'Tis you encourage her t'abuſe me thus.
Let me come at her?
Ly. Away, you Dwarf.
De. You are too officious.
Ly. Now ſhe holds me not.
Now follow if thou dar'ſt; and let us try
Which of has moſt right to *Helena.*
De Follow? nay I'll go with you; yes, before you. [*Ex.* Ly. & De.
Her. You Miſtreſs; all this ſtir is about you.
Nay, go not back.
Hel. I dare not truſt you, *Hermia.*
Your hands I know, are quicker for a Fray;
My Legs are longer tho', to run away. [*Ex.* Hel. *running, and*
Ob. This is thy negligence; ſtill thou miſtak'ſt, (Her. *after her.*
Or elſe committ'ſt thy Knaveries willingly.
Rob. Believe me, King of Shadows, I miſtook.
Did you not tell me I ſhould know the Man,
By the Embroider'd Garment he had on?
If he had made to the right Woman court,
We had had no Divertiſement, no Sport.
Ob. Thou ſee'ſt theſe Lovers ſeek a place to fight;
Haſte, *Robin*, haſte; and overcaſt the Night.
Theſe furious Rivals you muſt lead aſtray,
Be ſure they come not in each others way.
Now like *Lyſander*, now *Demetrius*,
Call here and there; miſ-lead and tire 'em thus.
Till o'er their Eyes, Death's Counterfeit, ſound Sleep,
With Leaden Legs, and Batty Wings ſhall creep.
Then cruſh this Herb into *Lyſander's* Eye:
The Liquor has this virtuous property,
It will remove the Errors of this night,
And bring his Eye-Balls to their own true ſight.

When next they wake, all that has paſt ſhall ſeem
A meer Illuſion, a Fairy Dream.
While I in this Affair do thee employ,
I'll to my Queen, and get her Indian Boy.
Then from the Charm I will her eye releaſe,
Send home the Clown, and all ſhall be at peace.

Rob. This muſt be done with ſpeed, I muſt not ſtay,
For with her Dragons Wings Night flies away:
See yonder ſhines *Aurora*'s Harbinger,
At whoſe approach, Ghoſts wandring here and there;
Troop home to Churchyards, Damned Spirits all,
That in Croſs-ways and Floods have Burial:
Already to their Wormy-Beds are gone,
For fear Bright Day their ſhames ſhould look upon.
They wilfully Exile themſelves from Light,
And muſt for ever wander in the Night.

Ob. But we are Spirits of another ſort;
Can any where, at any time reſort.
I have more work for thee, make no delay,
We muſt effect this Buſineſs yet e're day. [*Ex. Ob.*

Rob. Up and down, up and down, I will lead 'em up and down. I am fear'd in Field and Town; Goblin lead 'em up and down, here comes one.

Enter Lyſander.

Ly. Where art thou, proud *Demetrius*? anſwer where?
Rob. Here Villain; drawn, and ready, where art thou?
Ly. I ſhall be with you ſtraight.
Rob. Follow me then to evener ground. [*Leads* Lyſander *out, and returns.*

Enter Lyſander. *He leads him in.*

Ly. He goes before me, and ſtill dares me on,
When I come where he calls me, he is gone.
'Tis very dark, the way uneven too;
I'm tyr'd with running, here I'll lay me down,
And wait with patience the approach of day,
Then if I meet him, we will end our Fray. [*Sleeps.*

Enter

Enter Robin, *and* Demetrius.

Rob. Speak Coward, answer me; why com'ſt thou not?
De. Stay Villain, if thou dar'ſt.
Thou run'ſt before me, ſhifting every place.
Stand, if thou art a Man, and meet me fairly.
Where art thou?
Rob. I am here.
De. I ſee thee not, anſwer me where?
Rob. Here, here.
De. Now thou derid'ſt me, thou ſhalt buy this dear,
When I thy Coward face by day-light ſee.
My faintneſs forces me to reſt a while,
To meaſure out my length on this cold ground,
Thou wilt not with the breaking Day be found. [*Sleeps.*

Enter Helena.

Hel. Oh weary, tedious Night abate thy Hours;
Shine from the Eaſt that I may fly to Town,
From thoſe who my poor Company deteſt.
And ſleep that ſometimes ſhuts up Sorrows Eye,
Steal me a while from my own Company. [*Sleeps.*
Rob. There's yet but three, come one more;
Two of both kinds make up four.
Here ſhe comes peviſh and ſad.
Cupid is a Knaviſh Lad,
Thus to make poor Maidens mad.

Enter Hermia.

Her. Never was Maid ſo weary, and ſo wrong'd,
Wet with cold Dew, and torn with cruel Briars.
I can ſcarce crawl, I can no farther go;
My Legs can keep no pace with my deſires.
Here I will reſt the remnant of the Night.
Heav'n guard *Lyſander*, if they meet and fight. [*Sleeps.*

Enter

Enter Oberon.

Thou haſt perform'd exactly each Command.
Titania too has given me the ſweet Boy.
And now I have him, I will ſtraight undo
The hated imperfection of her Eyes.
And gentle Puck, take thou the Aſſes Head,
From the transform'd Clown ſhe doated on.
That he awaking when the others do,
May with his Fellows to their Homes repair.
And think no more of this Night's Accidents,
Than of the fierce vexation of a Dream,
But firſt, I will releaſe the *Fairy Queen.*

Be, as thou wert wont to be;
See, as thou wert wont to ſee.
Cinthia's *Bud, and* Cupid's *Flow'r,*
Has ſuch force, and Bleſſed Pow'r.

Now my *Titania*, wake. [*She riſes.*
Tit. My *Oberon!* What Viſions have I ſeen?
Methought I was enamour'd of an Aſs.
Ob. There lies your Love.
Tit. How came theſe things to paſs?
How I deteſt that hateful Viſage now!
Ob. Robin, take from the Fool the Aſs's head.
Rob. Hark, thou King of Shadows, hark!
Sure I hear the morning Lark.
Ob. Let him warble on, I'll ſtay,
And bleſs theſe Lover's Nuptial Day.
Sleep, happy Lovers, for ſome Moments, ſleep.
Rob. So, when thou wak'ſt with thy own Fools Eyes, peep.
[*He takes off the Aſs's Head.*
Ob. Titania, call for Muſick.
Tit. Let us have all Variety of Muſick,
All that ſhould welcome up the riſing Sun.

The Scene changes to a Garden of Fountains. A Sonata plays while the Sun rises, it appears red through the Mist, as it ascends it dissipates the Vapours, and is seen in its full Lustre; then the Scene is perfectly discovered, the Fountains enrich'd with gilding, and adorn'd with Statues: The view is terminated by a Walk of Cypress Trees which lead to a delightful Bower. Before the Trees stand rows of Marble Columns, which support many Walks which rise by Stairs to the top of the House; the Stairs are adorn'd with Figures on Pedestals, and Rails: and Balasters on each side of 'em. Near the top, vast Quantities of Water break out of the Hills, and fall in mighty Cascade's to the bottom of the Scene, to feed the Fountains which are on each side. In the middle of the Stage is a very large Fountain, where the Water rises about twelve Foot.

Then the 4 Seasons enter, with their several Attendants.

One of the Attendants begin.

NOW the Night is chac'd away,
All salute the rising Sun;
'Tis the happy, happy Day,
The Birth-Day of King *Oberon*.

Two others sing in Parts.

Let the Fifes, and the Clarions, and shrill Trumpets (sound,
And the Arch of high Heav'n the Clangor resound.

A Machine appears, the Clouds break from before it, and Phœbus *appears in a Chariot drawn by four Horses; and Sings.*

When

When a cruel long Winter has frozen the Earth,
And Nature Impriſon'd ſeeks in vain to be free;
I dart forth my Beams, to give all things a Birth,
Making Spring for the Plants, every flower, and each (Tree.

'Tis I who give Life, Warmth, and Being to all,
Even Love who rules all things in Earth, Air, and (Sea;
Would languiſh, and fade, and to nothing woul fall,
The World to its Chaos would return, but for me.

Chorus.

Hail! Great Parent of us all,
Light and Comfort of the Earth;
Before thy Shrine the Seaſons fall,
Thou who giveſt all Beings Birth.

Spring.

Thus the ever Grateful Spring,
Does her yearly Tribute bring;
All your Sweets before him lay,
Then round his Altar Sing, and Play.

Summer.

Here's the *Summer*, Sprightly, Gay,
Smiling, Wanton, Freſh, and Fair;

Adorn'd with all the Flowers of *May*,
Whose various Sweets perfume the Air.

Autumn.

See my many Colour'd Fields,
And loaded Trees my Will obey;
All the Fruit that Autumn yields,
I offer to the God of Day.

Winter.

Now Winter comes Slowly, Pale, Meager, and Old,
First trembling with Age, and then quiv'ring with Cold;
Benum'd with hard Frosts, and with Snow cover'd o're,
Prays the SUN to Restore him, and Sings as before.

Chorus.

Hail Great Parent, &c.

A DANCE of the Four Seasons.

Ob. Now my Puck this Herb apply
To the Mistaken Lover's Eye;
The powerful Juice will clear his Sight,
Make 'em Friends, and set all right.
Tit. Come, my Lord, and tell me how?
How I sleeping here was found,
With these Mortals, on the Ground. [*Ex. All but* Puck.

Rob.

Rob. On the Ground, sleeping sound,
I apply to your eye, gentle Lover, Remedy.
When thou wak'st, then thou tak'st
True Delight in thy former Lady's sight;
And the Country Proverb known,
That every Man should take his own,
In your waking shall be shown,
Jack shall have *Gill*, nought shall go ill,
The Man shall have his Mare again, and all shall be well.

[*Exit.*

ACT V.

Enter Duke, Egeus, and Train.

Du. GO one of you, find out the Forrester,
I long to hear the Musick of my Hounds,
They shall uncouple in the Western Vally.

Eg. I mark'd it lately, 'twas a gallant chiding.
Beside the Groves, the Hills, and distant Vales,
The Skies, the Fountains, every Region near,
Seem'd all one mutual cry. I never heard
So Musical a discord; such sweet Thunder.

Du. My Hounds are bred out of the *Spartan* kind;
So flew'd, so sanded; and their Heads are hung,
With Ears that sweep away the morning dew!
Crook-kneed, and Dew-lapt, like *Thessalian* Bulls,
Slow in pursuit, but match'd in Mouth like Bells,
Each under each; a cry more tunable,
Was never hollow'd too, nor cheer'd with Horn!
Judg when you hear. But soft, what Nymphs are these?

Eg. My Leigh, this is my Daughter here asleep!
And this *Lysander*; this *Demetrius!*
This *Helena*, how came they here together?

Du. No doubt,
They rose to grace our Solemn Hunting here.
But speak, *Egeus*, is not this the Day,
Hermia should give her answer?

Eg. It is my Leige.
Du. Go bid the Huntſmen wake 'em with their Muſick.

A Compoſition in imitation of Hunting, at the end of it a Shout, the Lovers wake.

Good morrow friends; Saint *Vallentines* is paſt,
How came theſe Wood-birds but to couple now?
Ly. Pardon me, gracious *Sir.*
Du. Stand up, *Lyſander.*
I know you two are Rival Enemies,
How comes this noble Concord in the World?
That hatred is ſo far from Jealouſie,
To ſleep by hate?
Ly. Sir I ſhall anſwer you amazedly,
I do not ſleep, yet ſcarce am half awake,
I do not truly know how I came hither!
But as I think (for I would truly ſpeak)
Yes, now I think I can remember it.
Hither I came with beauteous *Hermia,*
Our intent was to fly from hence, and ſo
Evade the danger of your Cruel Law.
Eg. Enough (moſt Noble Duke) he owns enough;
I ask your Juſtice for this breach of Law.
They would have ſtol'n away; they would *Demetrius.*
They meant to have defeated you, and me;
You of your Wife, and me of my Conſent.
De. All this fair *Helen* told me, my good Lord;
And hither I in Fury follow'd 'em;
Hither, the too kind *Helen* follow'd me:
And here, by ſome ſtrange pow'r (I know not how)
My Love to *Hermia* melted like the Snow!
And now ſhe ſeems but as an idle Toy,
Which in my Infancy I doted on:
And all my Faith, the Vertue of my Heart,
Joy of my Life, and Pleaſure of my Eye,
Is only *Helena's.* I was (my Lord)
Betroth'd to her, e're I ſaw *Hermia:*
But then, my ſickly Palate loath'd its Food.
Now I'm in Health, come to my natural taſt,

And now I wish, I love, I long for it;
And will be ever true to *Helena.*

Du. Then we came hither in a happy time:
Egeus, I must over-rule your Will;
For in the Temple, when our Hunting's done,
These Lovers shall eternally be joyn'd.
Egeus, I will be a Father too,
And give fair *Helen* to *Demetrius*,
Then feast these Lovers Royally: away. [*Ex. all but the Lovers.*

Ly. How have I dream'd, and thought I was awake?
And now I am awake, think I dream still.

Hel. I never was so happy when awake:
Nay, pray disturb me not; let me dream on.

De. These things seem strange, and undistinguishable,
Like Mountains far, far off, turn'd into Clouds.

Her. Methinks I see 'em with a parted Eye,
Where every thing seems double.

Hel. I think so too:
And I have found *Demetrius* like a Jewel
Long sought for, hardly credited when found.

De. Pray Heaven we dream not still.
Did you not think the Duke himself was here?

Her. Yes, and my Father.

Hel. And bid us follow him.

Ly. Ay, to the *Temple.*

Hel. And said, he'd give me to *Demetrius.*
And feast us Royally.

Ly. Nay then we are awake; let's follow him.
And as we go, let us recount our Dreams. [*Exeunt.*

[*A noise of Hunting at a distance*, Bottom *wakes.*

Bot. When my Cue comes, call me, and I will answer. My next is— most fair *Pyramus*—— hey, ho! *Peter Quince*, *Snout* the Tinker, *Starveling*? 'Ods my life, stoln hence, and left me asleep. I have had a most rare Vision. I had a Dream, past the Wit of Man to say what Dream it was; Man is but an Ass, if he go about to expound this Dream: Methought I was! no Man can tell what. Methought I was, and methought I had—— but that Man is an arrant Fool, who will offer to say what methought I had. I will get *Peter Quince* to write a Ballad of this Dream; it shall be called *Bottom's*

tom's Dream, becauſe it has no bottom; And I will ſing it my ſelf, at the latter end of our Play, before the Duke.

Enter Quince, Flute, Snout, Starveling.

Qu. I have ſought far and near, and cannot find him.

St. So have I. Out of doubt he is Tranſlated.

Qu. If we find him not, our Play is marr'd; it cannot be done without him: He has ſimply the beſt Wit of any Handicraft Man in the whole Town.

Qu. Yes, and the beſt Perſon too: then he is a very Raven for a ſweet Voice.

Enter Snug.

Sn. O Maſters! the Duke's going to the Temple! the Lords and the Ladies are to be Married this Morning. If our Play had gone forward, we had been all made Men.

Snout. Ah ſweet Bully *Bottom*; thou haſt loſt God knows what. An the Duke had not given him God knows what for Playing *Pyramus*, I'll be hang'd.

Bot. O are you here? my Lads, my hearts of Iron?

Qu. He's here! he's here! *Bottom's* here! O moſt couragious day! O happy day!

Bot. Maſters, I am to diſcourſe wonders to you, but ask me not what; for if I tell you, I am no true man. For I will tell every thing as it fell out.

Qu. Let us hear it then, ſweet *Bottom*.

Bot. Not a word, all I will tell you is, Get your Apparel together, good ſtrings to your Beards, new Ribbons, Powder, and Waſh, and meet preſently at the Palace. Our Play ſhall be preferr'd. Let *Thisbe* have clean Linnen, and let not him that Plays the Lion, pare his Nails; they ſhall hang out for the Lion's Claws. And let no man eat Onions, or Garlick, for we muſt utter moſt ſweet breath. No more words; but away.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Duke, Egeus, *Lovers, and Attendants.*

Eg. Are not theſe Stories ſtrange, my Gracious Lord?

Du. More ſtrange than true. I never could believe,
Theſe Antick Fables, nor theſe Fairy toys.
Lovers, and Lunaticks have pregnant brains.
They in a moment by ſtrong fancy ſee
More than cool reaſon e're could comprehend.

The

The Poet, with the mad-man may be joyn'd.
He's of imagination all made up,
And ſee's more Devils, than all Hell can hold.
Can make a *Venus* of an *Ethiop*.
And as imagination rolls about,
He gives the airy Fantaſms of his Brain,
A Local habitation, and a name.
And ſo theſe Lovers, wandring in the night,
Through unfrequented ways, brim full of fear,
How eaſie is a Buſh ſuppos'd a Bear!

[*While a ſhort Simphony Plays, Enter* Oberon, Titania, Robin-Good-fellow, *and all the Fayries.*

I hear ſtrange Muſick warbling in the Air.

Ob. 'Tis Fairy Muſick, ſent by me;
To cure your Incredulity.
All was true the Lovers told,
You ſhall ſtranger things behold.
Mark the wonders ſhall appear,
While I feaſt your eye and ear.

Du. Where am I? does my ſence inform me right?
Or is my hearing better than my ſight?

Tit. When to Parlors we retire,
And Dance before a dying fire.

Ob. Or when by night near Woods, or Streams,
We wanton by the Moons pale beams.
Then groſs ſhades, and twinkling light,
Expoſe our Shapes to mortal ſight.
But in the bright and open day,
When in *Sol*'s Glorious beams we play,
Our bodies are, in that fierce light,
Too thin and pure for humane ſight.

Tit. Sir, then caſt your eyes above:
See the Wife of mighty *Jove*.

Juno *appears in a Machine drawn by Peacocks.*

Ob. Juno, who does ſtill preſide,
Over the Sacred Nuptial Bed:
Comes to bleſs their days and nights,
With all true joys, and chaſte delights.

While a Symphony Plays, the Machine moves forward, and the Peacocks ſpread their Tails, and fill the middle of the Theater.

JUNO

JUNO *Sings.*

THrice happy Lovers, may you be
For ever, ever free,
From that tormenting Devil, Jealouſie.
From all that anxious Care and Strife.
That attends a married Life:
Be to one another true,
Kind to her as ſhe to you.
And ſince the Errors of this Night are paſt,
May he be ever Conſtant, ſhe be ever Chaſt.

The Machine aſcends.

Ob. Now my gentle *Puck*, away,
Haſte, and over-caſt the Day.
Let thick Darkneſs all around,
Cover that Spot of Fairy Ground;
That ſo the gloomy Shades of Night
May uſher in a glorious Light.

While the Scene is darken'd, a ſingle Entry is danced; Then a Symphony is play'd; after that the Scene is ſuddainly Illuminated, and diſcovers a tranſparent Proſpect of a Chineſe *Garden, the Architecture, the Trees, the Plants, the Fruit, the Birds, the Beaſts, quite different from what we have in this part of the World. It is terminated by an Arch, through which is ſeen other Arches with cloſe Arbors, and a row of Trees to the end of the View. Over it is a hanging Garden, which riſes by ſeveral aſcents to the top of the Houſe; it is bounded on either ſide with*

pleaſant

pleasant Bowers, various Trees, and numbers of strange Birds flying in the Air, on the Top of a Platform is a Fountain, throwing up Water, which falls into a large Basin.

A Chinese *Enters and Sings.*

THus the gloomy World
At first began to shine,
And from the Power Divine
A Glory round it hurl'd;
Which made it bright,
And gave it Birth in light.
Then were all Minds as pure,
As those Etherial Streams;
In Innocence secure,
Not Subject to Extreams.
There was no Room for empty Fame,
No cause for Pride, Ambition wanted aim.

A Chinese *Woman Sings.*

THus Happy and Free,
Thus treated are we
With Nature's chiefest Delights.

Chorus. Thus happy, *&c.*

We never cloy
But renew our Joy,
And one Bliss another Invites.

Chorus. We never, *&c.*

Thus wildly we live,
Thus freely we give,
What Heaven as freely bestows.

Chorus. Thus wildly, *&c.*

We were not made
For Labour and Trade,
Which Fools on each other impose.

Chorus. We were not *&c.*

A Chinese *Man Sings.*

YES, *Xansi*, in your Looks I find
The Charms by which my Heart's betray'd;
Then let not your Disdain unbind
The Prisoner that your Eyes have made.

She that in Love makes least Defence,
Wounds ever with the surest Dart;
Beauty may captivate the Sence,
But Kindness only gains the Heart.

Six Monkeys come from between the Trees, and Dance.

Two Women Sing in Parts.

1 Wo. *HArk how all Things with one Sound rejoyce,*
And the World seems to have one Voice.
2 Wo. *Hark how the Echoing Air a Triumph Sings,*
And all around pleas'd Cupids *clap their Wings.*
1 Wo. *Sure the dull God of Marriage does not hear;*
We'll rouse him with a Charm. Hymen *appear!*
Chorus. *Appear!* Hymen *appear!*
Both. *Our Queen of Night commands you not to stay.*
Chorus. *Our Queen,* &c.

Enter

Enter Hymen.

Hy. *See, see, I obey.*
My Torch has long been out, I hate
On looſe diſſembled Vows to wait.
Where hardly Love out-lives the Wedding-Night,
Falſe Flames, Love's Meteors, yield my Torch no Light.

Six Pedeſtals of China-*work riſe from under the Stage; they ſupport ſix large Vaſes of Porcelain, in which are ſix* China-*Orange-trees.*

Both Wo. *Turn then thy Eyes upon thoſe Glories there,*
And Catching Flames will on thy Torch appear.
Hy. *My Torch, indeed, will from ſuch Brightneſs ſhine:*
Love ne'er had yet ſuch Altars, ſo divine.

The Pedeſtals move toward the Front of the Stage, and the Grand Dance begins of Twenty four Perſons; then Hymen *and the Two Women ſing together.*

THey ſhall be as happy as they're fair;
Love ſhall fill all the Places of Care:
And every time the Sun ſhall diſplay
His Riſing Light,
It ſhall be to them a new Wedding-Day;
And when he ſets, a new Nuptial-Night.

A Chineſe *Man and Woman dance.*

The Grand Cho. They ſhall be, &c.

All the Dancers join in it.

Ob. At Dead of Night we'll to the Bride-bed come,
And ſprinkle hallow'd Dew-drops round the Room.
Tit. We'll drive the Fume about, about,
To keep all Noxious Spirits out:
That the Iſſue they create,
May be ever fortunate.

Ob.

Ob. Stay; let us not, like very fooliſh Elves,
Take care of others, and neglect our ſelves.
If theſe ſhould be offended, we are loſt;
And all our Hopes, and future Fortunes croſs'd.
Tit. It is below the Fairy-Queen to fear.
Look there: Can there be any Danger near,
When Conquering Beauty fills that Heavenly Sphear?
Ob. But here are Wits, and Criticks! and 'tis ſaid,
Their Adders Tongues can ſting, or hit us dead.
Tit. Away: Let not the Name of Wits alarm us;
They are ſo very few, they cannot harm us.
Ob. Conſider; Sharpers, Beau's, the very Cits,
All either are, or elſe they would be Wits.
Tit. Well, let 'em all be Wits; and if they ſhou'd
Blaſt us, or nip us in the very Bud,
The Loſs will be their own another Day.
Are we not in a very hopeful Way
To make 'em all amends---- if they will ſtay.
Ob. They are impatient, and their Stomachs keen;
They will not be poſt pon'd, 'tis you're Fifteen.
Tit. Well, If their Appetites ſo fiercely crave,
We'll give 'em all the Ready that we have.
Firſt, Loſing Gameſters, Poets, Railing Wits;
Some Baſſet-Ladies, and all Broken Cits;
(Who live by what from others they purloyn)
We'll lend 'em mighty Sums---- in Fairy-Coin.
Ob. Ladies in Dreams ſhall have their Fortunes told;
The Young ſhall dream of Husbands, and the Old
Their Youthful Pleaſures ſhall each Night repeat.
Tit. Green-Sickneſs Girls, who nautiate wholeſom Meat,
How they their Parents, and themſelves may cheat.
Ob. Widows, who were by former Husbands vex'd,
Shall dream how they may over-reach the next.
Tit. Each ſeparate Lady, to ſupply her Want,
Shall every Night dream of a new Gallant.
Ob. Thoſe Beau's, who were, at Nurſe, chang'd by my Elves.
Tit. Shall dream of nothing, but their pretty ſelves.
Ob. We'll try a Thouſand charming Ways to win ye.
Tit. If all this will not do, the Devil's in ye.

FINIS.

There are 2 issues of this play.
This is the first, the second
has Names of the Persons on verso
of The Prologue. - GLW. 1942.